will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guildersterne* hold their course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I wil make you way for these your Letters.
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine.
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnesse, wisdome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre moues not but in his Sphere
I could not but by her: the other motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly timbered for so loued armes,
VVould haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aim'd them.

Laer. And so I haue a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperate termes,
VVhose worth, if praises may goe backe againe

Stood

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleeps for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maiesty, this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

Messen. Sailers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome, to morrow shall I beg leaue to see your Kingly eies, when I shall, first asking you pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his Voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exploite, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And